# Archived

## Volume One

The Poems
of Elissa Capelle Vaughn

# A collection of poems written in the fog

(2019-2026)

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2026

This is my church
of broken ceramic

smashed dishes /
cream saucers

an apron stained white

chip-tooth walls
and a teacup

a bull in
my grandmother's china drawer

~

I'm a beauty
I'm a beast

Perfecting my bad grammar
on these broken bits

Paws up
like a lion

*figurine*

I wonder
if she was proud of me?

Eloise
/ɛləʊˈiːz/, /ˈɛlə.wiːz/

Is it safe to dream?

Is the coast clear,

or is that just
sparkles on the water,

beckoning me?

At what cost
am I willing to travel,

to lose a part of myself,

to eat

from the golden tree?

tour
/to͝or/

What do I know about madness
other than hope?

I’ve washed my mouth out ~

I can taste it now,

*the molasses*

maladaptive,

a slice of orange cake

to give mass
to the intangible ~

Food brings us closer
to hope than anything else,

even art leaves us malnourished,

a wanting for taste ~

We must eat to survive.

Even the things we want
but cannot have,

*this hope,*

*needs calories*

hun·ger
/ˈhəNGgər/

There’s nothing more powerful
than an environment,

and if there’s nothing more powerful
than an environment,

there’s nothing more destructive
than hope ~

I can’t think of anything worse
than Hopeland,

The sky,
an off-shade of white,
an eggshell ~

Endless walls go on for days,
just short enough to sit,
feet firmly planted,

a place to rest your elbow,
chin resting on hand ~

→

There is a rainbow,
a trampled one,
a spectrum of wildflowers
that keep growing back,

*aster*
*fireweed*
*bellflower*
*bee balm*

The tallest ones,
the coneflowers,
grow as tall as the knees,

staring up as you sit ~

If only this shame
were as sweet as strawberry jam;

If only my phobias
didn’t get the best of me,

*those damn dandelion spores*

the dilly-dally

I’m what’s left after the snow melts,

a New England muck

~

Perhaps I’m waiting for God to save me,

to give early bloom to the lavender,

to heal the bruise

of December

March

This December drought,
she survives
in the aloe ~

the gardener
heals herself
with patience,
perseverance

~ gifts
bearing water
rich in spirit

*evergreen*

the christmas
succulent

Little raincloud,
nourish your
day-muse before
shadowfall ~

her slumber
will wake
branches
bright-eyed

bearing
spanish-green
tails ~

*a sun sapling*

opening its eyes
in the morrow

.
.
Photosynthesis

She's an owl-hawk
at teatime

a woman,
wolf of the sky

wise enough
to know better

mad enough
to disarm

the hunter

.
.
.
Ladies Who Lunch

You're radioactive
this time of year,

lungs collapsing /
c r a s h i n g

a metallic summertide
trick of the eye.

~
~
~
heatwave
~
~

I tumbled out of the matrix
and toward the periphery,

a feral world
on the outer limits
of humanity.

- The Dark Web

I dream in slow motion

no deadlines / no tests

weekends neverending

(a soul at rest)

sand angels / succulents

the sky
*b u r n s*
for me

an eternal summer
more stunning than the sea

a beer before breakfast
nothing to prove

unbothered / funemployed

a cactus in bloom

^

^

^

Desert Rose

Don't sweat the small stuff,
they said,

so I became an elephant instead

Larger than life,

unbothered by sticks,
no time for stones

Outgrowing their words,

I walk along

rock-steady,
unbreakable bones.

Stoic

Sleepy garden

s t r e t c h i n g

sun branches
breaking,

jasmine
blooming wild
sweet cream
in the courtyard,

candy apple
crunching /
checkerboard
red ivy

moss rose,
smashed teacups,
seven garden gnomes
glass mining,

penny wishes
copper / green
mermaid fountain
shining

planting
pocket watches /
seeds /
pulling weeds

rabbit dawn

a new age
sprouting.

- awake

moss morning sunbake
mud pie. rose ~ whipped evergreen
kitchen fruit blooming

- fertile

I never thought
I'd see you again,

my once-favorite hoodie
from 2010

A little snug
around the muffin tops
but fits alright

You'll go great
with SpongeBob socks
and long johns,

dryer-shrunk tees
two sizes too tight

→

No bra today,
but this bikini top will do,

and no matter
how much I wash it,
it still smells like
beachside s'mores
and bonfire blues,

bringing me back to
snuggle-soft nights
and supermoons,

sand everywhere

with nothing to wear
but you.

- laundry day

Feather black,

take a windbreak
on the willow ~

time flies
above the poolside;
we were fledglings
a moon phase ago
.
.
.

strike a match,
little ones

write angry
in the ash ~

a book
is a wildfire

^

^

^

fire starters

You know,
I never stopped looking for you

No wardrobe was spared
as I foraged through winter coats,
lion sweaters and shoes

Fighting wolves and white witches
walking home from school,
only to lose track of you in college
trying to be fucking cool,

indulging in those Turkish delights
I swore I would never do.

→

Still reaching for you,

stumbling back to Narnia, 3 AM
punch drunk on playground booze

Jungle gym perched with nothing to lose,

I s c r e a m e d your name
across the sky!

Friends, jaw-dropped
shocked as I said my own;
told them not to worry,
"I'm only high."

→

Took the long way back home alone,
midwinter blue and blurry-eyed;

followed a trail
of my favorite pair of jeans,
blankets, quilts, hoodies, and pine,

Where I found you,
carving our name into the floorboards,
eyes reaching out in kind;

I asked you to scooch over,
poured tea for our stuffed animals
as we giggled in wardrobe light

Just two little kids (one soul)
awake past their bedtime.

- inner child

I miss the way
my Grandma said supper,

salty-sweet memories,
warm like syrup /
melted butter

A word written much too early
for the evening hour,

it ran away with the dish, the spoon,
and the brave little toaster!

And this is where our story begins

pouring pancake batter with you at 9 PM

biscuits
gravy
cheddar
sliced ham

Stealing kisses in the cereal aisle
before they lock us in

Dunkin donut smiles,
muffins, mittens, neon signs

Eggo in the moon

a new tradition
by twilight

- Breakfast for Dinner

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